



Imagine being watched by two undercover cops as you engage in an illicit deal in a deserted parking lot. The buyer hesitantly hands you some cash. You flash a look over your shoulder, just to make sure the coast is clear, then you hand over the contraband. Neither of you says a word. You just nod, acknowledging the deal is done, then you head back to your car and buckle up for the drive home.

But before you can even put the car into drive, a screeching formation of police cars, surrounds you, sirens wailing. Armed officers leap from their vehicles, guns drawn and sunglasses glaring. "Come out with your hands up!" they shout.

You slowly open the driver's door of your car and inch out of your seat with both hands raised in surrender, cowering behind the open door. "What did I do, officer? What's my crime?"

Their answer comes back loud and intimidating: "SELLING RAW MILK!"

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